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View of London from the Cross of St. Paul's.



VOL. I.

G 8

What a living post, Mr. Haynes, has observed in his tragedy of *Durazzo*, of an ambitious man, that,

— “Had he but wings to fly,
He'd bear his very appetites to heaven,
And slake his thirst i' the clouds,”

may well be applied to the young artist who passed whole nights in an observatory erected over the cross of St. Paul's cathedral, in order that he might take a panoramic of London; and yet such a dangerous and difficult enterprize was achieved by an English artist. If any proof were wanting of the aspiring ambition and elevated and extensive views of the present age, such an undertaking as this would certainly supply it; and anxious to perpetuate an adventure unparalleled in the annals of art and enterprise, we this day, at a considerable expense, present our readers with a large and beautiful engraving of this singular subject.

It was when the cross of St. Paul's was taken down, in 1821, to be repaired and regilt, that an ingenious and enterprising young artist, Mr. Thomas Hornor, availed himself of the circumstance to obtain permission to erect an observatory above the usual scite of the cross, for the purpose of making panoramic drawings of the metropolis and the surrounding country.

Mr. Hornor had been for some time engaged in executing pictorial delineations of landed estates in perspective panoramic views. In the course of his pursuits this way, he constructed an apparatus by which the most distant and intricate scenery may be delineated with mathematical accuracy. The metropolis and its beautiful environs furnished a fine subject for Mr. Hornor's delineation, and in order to effect this object, he passed the whole summer of 1820 in the lantern of St. Paul's immediately under the ball, in executing a general view.

When this view was nearly completed, preparations were made for removing the ball and cross; and the scaffolding, which excited such general admiration, as a stupendous and most ingenious structure, and of which our engraving presents a correct idea, was erected. But even this was not sufficient for the aspiring artist's ambition, that

“Desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of
Nature,
And elevates the hero to the Gods.”

Mr. Hornor obtained permission to erect an observatory, supported by a

platform, several feet above the highest part of the present cross: and having succeeded in fixing the apparatus in the interior of the observatory, he commenced a new series of sketches, on a greatly enlarged scale, so as to admit the introduction of minute objects at a distance of some miles. In doing this he had to contend against numerous obstacles; sometimes portions of the scene would be in bright sunshine, and at others in total obscurity, producing an incessant alteration in light and shade. Other difficulties also presented themselves, but Mr. Hornor surmounted them all, and he made a complete panoramic view of the metropolis and its environs, on 280 sheets of drawing paper, comprising a surface of 1680 square feet.

The laborious toil, which he had daily to undergo, in ascending the infinite staircases and ladders to reach his aerial habitation, independently of the danger of a journey so often repeated, would have damped the ardour of most men. Few artists, however enthusiastic, profess the requisite courage and physical ability to encounter such herculean labour, attended with such imminent personal risk. But our readers will form a better conception of Mr. Hornor's impressions from his own characteristic description.

“On entering the cathedral at three in the morning, the stillness which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their mid-day bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the developement, at that early hour, of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld ‘the Forest of London,’ without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. On one occasion the night was passed in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense, as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

“In proceeding with the work, every assistance was readily afforded by the gentlemen connected with the cathedral; and, through their kind attention, all possible precautions were taken for the prevention of accidents to be apprehended in such an exposed situation. But the weather was frequently so boisterous during the stormy

summer of 1821, as to frustrate the judicious contrivances for security. Indeed scarcely a day passed without derangement of some part of the scaffolding, or machinery connected with it; and so strong became the sense of danger arising from these repeated casualties, that notwithstanding the powerful inducement of increased remuneration, it was difficult on these emergencies to obtain the services of efficient workmen. This will not appear surprising, when it is known that, during the high winds, it was impossible for a person to stand on the scaffolding without clinging for support against the frame-work; the creaking and whistling of the timbers, at such times, resembled those of a ship labouring in a storm, and the situation of the artist was not unlike that of a mariner at the mast-head. During a squall, more than usually severe, a great part of the circular frame-work of heavy planks, erected above the gallery for the prevention of accidents, was carried over the house-tops to a considerable distance. At this moment a similar fate had nearly befallen the observatory, which was torn from its fastenings, turned partly over the edge of the platform, and its various contents thrown into utter confusion. The fury of the wind rendered the door impassable; and, after a short interval of suspense, an outlet was obtained by forcing a passage on the opposite side. * By this misfortune, independently of personal inconvenience, considerable delay and expense were occasioned ere the work could be resumed; and it became necessary to provide against similar misfortunes, by securing the observatory to a cross-beam, and constructing a rope fence.

Our engraving presents a large and correct view of the scaffolding erected for the repairs of St. Paul's; with the observatory constructed above the cross of the cathedral for Mr. Hornor; beneath

is seen a beautiful panoramic view of the metropolis; the whole copied from Mr. Hornor's own drawings; as is an enlarged view of the observatory itself, at the bottom of the plate.

Mr. Hornor is about to publish engravings from his highly interesting views, on an enlarged scale, by subscription, and we have no doubt that he will meet with ample success: though it would be difficult sufficiently to reward an artist who has incurred such hazards in an intense ardour for his profession.

THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM RICHARD IN TOWN, TO ROBIN IN THE COUNTRY.
Somerset House, May 8, 1823.

DEAR ROBIN.

Once more in the midst of our fam'd picture mart,

Our cheap shilling show, and our bazaar of art,

Where all, if their stomachs allow them to stay,

May feast upon pictures the whole of the day;

And never was, surely, a twopenny crowd,

A much greater quantum of freedom allow'd.

Here the men from the East, and the men from the West,

Bring the labours of art to their critical test,

And deal out their knowledge and amateur skill,

And praise, blame, and blunder, as much as they will;

For all think the pleasure in seeing the sight,

Is to find it *all wrong*, and to set it *all right*.

With a connoisseur look, and a connoisseur glass,

From picture to picture in censure they pass:

"That curtain's too red, or that sky is too blue,

Or the keeping, or colour, is bad in that view."

Here one makes a shrewd anatomical point,

And shows that the arm, leg, or neck's out of joint;

Another finds fault with the true picture twist,

And swears that the hand don't belong to the wrist:

— — — — —
And now the throng thickens, and now the folks squeeze,

G g 2

* An accident somewhat more perilous befel Mr. Gwynn, when occupied in measuring the top of the dome, for a section of the Cathedral. While intent on his work, his foot slipped, and he slid down the convex surface of the dome, until his descent was fortunately obstructed by a small projecting piece of the lead. He thus remained until released from the danger which threatened him, by one of his assistants, who providentially discovered his awful situation.

You may elbow a Lord, or a Duke, if
you please.

If the weather proves warm, you may
judge in the case

'Twixt the paint on the canvass and that
on the face,

And the shade with the substance may
boldly compare,

As all 'pay their shilling to have a good
stare.

— — — — —
To see the fine sights, and to buy a
fine gown,

Peter Puddle has trundled his daughter
to town:

With pressing importance he enters the
rout,

And fancies he knows what it is all about.

"Now look at that picture! I say,
Suke, look there!

They wot make us think *that* was done
for the May'r!

Here, stand in my place, wench, and
mind you, don't budge,

I'll show you at once I'm a bit of a
judge.

Does his eyes look on me now, or do
they on you?

Why then if they don't, girl, it never
will do.

I was told by the man in our parish who
paints,

When I made the tight bargain to touch
up our saints,

That a portrait that does not look all
the room round,

Is not worth the price of the colours it
ground.

If you go to the left, or you go to the
right,

Your true picture should always keep
you in sight."

— — — — —
And thus, while the critical mania goes
round,

All the beauties are lost, and the faults
are all found.

— — — — —
"I am pondering, friend Giles," (said
a book-keeping cit,

Who thought he spoke well, tho' it was
not all wit).

And more had he said—but cut short by
his wife,

Whose pride with his pocket was ever
at strife:

For seeing her neighbour, the Cheese-
monger's spouse,

Look down from her frame, gave her
spirits the rouse,

And placing within her good husband's
her arm,

Which acted the part of a spell or a
charm,

Still keeping her eye on her neighbour's
broad face,

Paused a moment for matter, then stated
the case,—

"In her age Mrs. Butterpat sinks half a
score,

And the Painter as much, or perhaps
something more,

You and I, my dear Mudge, are but just
in our prime,

Which for having our pictures is sure
the best time,

And the man in our garret can do them,
you know,

For without it you'll scarce think the
sum he will owe."

— — — — —
"Now, Sir, don't you think," (said a
Prig, taking hold

Of the man who stood next him,) "the
fellow was bold,

To hang on the walls such a vile piece
of stuff?

The hands and the feet may be done
well enough,

But as to the coat they have hung on his
back,

Why it fits just as well as a shirt or a
sack:

Not a man that I keep on the board of
my shop

But would cry out *for shame* on this vile
piece of slop,

All who know what a coat is, with me
too must join;

Don't you think, Sir, I'm right?"—"Sir,
the picture is mine,

And when next you a critical judgment
afford,

Let it be on your men, and your shop,
and your board."

— — — — —
But how does it fare with the sons of
the brush,

As eager to find out their stations they
rush;

Now high, and now low, shoots the eye's
rapid glance,

Scarce daring to meet with its lottery
chance.

Poor Crosswit is seen for the twenty-fifth
year,

With a look of sad omen, and brow as
severe:

—Say his works are hung up, he replies
with a frown—

"No, Sir, you're mistaken, my works
are hung down;

As low as my feet now my labours are
found,

But 'tis not in this way I shall ever *gain*
ground."

But now, my dear Robin, the end of my paper
Has warned me that compliments too
must be taper;
And so to this line I shall just add another,
To say that I am your affectionate brother,

RICHARD.

LORD BYRON.

The following most recent and highly interesting account of Lord Byron is copied from a private letter, dated Genoa, April 5:—"You are of course aware that Lord Byron is still here; his Lordship lives in a villa at Albano, within a mile of the city gate, on the eastern coast. Having a letter to present, I waited on him this morning, and was received with his accustomed affability. As you will readily conceive, I was highly gratified at finding myself in the society of one whose constant application to literature and study renders him by no means easy of access. Though somewhat thinner in the face than he was six years ago, when last I saw his Lordship, I am happy to inform you that he enjoys perfect health. I perceived that a few white hairs have begun to obtrude themselves on his ebon locks, but the general cast of his features are more marked and interesting than ever. His eyes retain all their penetrating brilliancy, and that voice with which you were so affected at Venice has lost nothing of its impressive tone and flexible qualities. The young Count Gamba, with whom his Lordship seems to be on terms of the warmest friendship, is distinguished both as a patriot and poet. This amiable Nobleman has translated the *Bride of Abydos*, which is printing here, and will appear in a few days. The Italian version is highly spoken of by those who have seen specimens.—Knowing the general anxiety which prevails relative to the noble author of *Childe Harold's* return to England, I ventured to hint at the subject, and from the reply I should imagine his Lordship has no intention of going home at present. Our conversation related almost exclusively to Greece, in whose cause he is quite enthusiastic. I need therefore scarcely say with how much satisfaction he heard of the change in our policy, which has followed the accession of Mr. Canning; nor was his Lordship less gratified when informed of the recent association in London to promote the interests of the Greeks.—From the manner in which he dwelt on

this important question, I should not wonder if he bent his course towards the Morea, rather than England. Certain persons will be chagrined to hear that Lord Byron's mode of life does not furnish the smallest food for calumny. I have ascertained that he leads a most retired life, and that when from home, he seldom returns without having the consolation to reflect upon some act of benevolence or charity. Still attached to excursions on the water, his Lordship has fitted up a small schooner, in which his hours of recreation are likely to be passed during the ensuing summer.

Though the villa occupied by Lord B. is spacious and elegant, the room in which I was received is fitted up with the greatest simplicity. On entering, I perceived a guitar, some music, and a few books strewed on the table. Of four or five engravings suspended in plain gilt frames round the room, two are portraits of his daughter, and a third, one of Westall's illustrations of *Childe Harold*.

NUGÆ CANORÆ.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—In my younger and wilder days (and that is no very long time ago either) I was much addicted to that species of dissipation, which, in the softened language of fashionable life, we term gallantry; and, (*horresco referens!*) the objects of my attachment were no others than the fair sisters of Parnassus themselves. "Many a time and oft" was I wont to hold amorous dalliance with one or other of them in some lonely bower, or other propitious retreat; and numerous were the proofs of this illicit intercourse, that time brought to light under the various guises of odes, sonnets, epigrams, elegiac effusions, *et hoc genus omne*. But, notwithstanding the number, to which my Parnassian progeny at length increased, I was fortunate enough, by a rigid exercise of my parental authority, to avoid that public exposure, which the emigration of so many of my bantlings into the world might have occasioned. A few of them, indeed, did contrive to elude my vigilance, and were the cause, at the moment, of "many punctious visitings" to their unfortunate sire. But since then, Mr. Editor, times are strangely altered,—

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

and I begin to feel it my duty, by way of offering some atonement for the indiscretions of youth, to make a public

avowal of my former peccadilloes; and, if you can afford me your aid towards the accomplishment of this object, by introducing my Parnassian family to the world, I shall, as in duty bound, ever hold myself your debtor. But I ask not this charitable office, provided the aforesaid family may be found, in any way, to discredit your patronage. Yet, it would ill become me to say much on this point, influenced, as I necessarily must be, by that natural partiality, which too often magnifies the merits, as it palliates the imperfections, of those to whom we are so nearly allied as our own offspring. To your better and unbiassed judgment, then, I resign the management of this weighty affair, merely adding, that act as you may, you cannot offend, but may greatly oblige, your constant reader,

April 26, 1823.

BARDULUS.

EPIGRAMS.

ON AN IGNORANT, LYING PRIEST.

MENDAX, so strange the whims he feels,
Ne'er reads, but when he stands, or kneels;
And, you will hear it with surprise,
Whene'er he speaks, he always lies.

ON SEEING A FLY BURNT IN A CANDLE.

See, how around the gaudy flame
The giddy insect flies,
Till, flutt'ring on with fatal aim,
It drops at last and dies.

Just so, in pleasure's sultry maze,
The victim courts his doom;
Awhile he wantons in the blaze,
Then sinks into the tomb.

ON NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Bonaparte at Moscow was roasted,
they say,
And since has been basted, while running away;
What wonder then now (as was long ago wish'd),
That we find the great Emp'ror about to be dish'd.

ON HIS STYLING THE RUSSIANS "BEARS."

Napoleon dubs the Russ a bear:
He might have added something more,
For, sure I am, he now will swear,
This bear has proved a mighty bore.

ON HIS RETURN TO PARIS.
Who sent thee back in such mishap?
The Monseigns cry, and scoff.

Alack-a-day, quoth Emp'ror Nap,
The great bear CUT-US-OFF.*

IN BONAPARTEM.

Imperat in mundo cir, qui Bonaparte vocatur;
Sed regnare virum non puto parte bonâ.

ON THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN IN 1815.

To Spain, entranc'd in golden dreams,
Fair freedom comes, and tempting seems

The heavenly apparition;
But ah, when waking, Spain essay'd
To hold the all-enchanting maid,
She clasp'd the—Inquisition.

LEX TALIONIS.†

'Tis said, the lawyers cannot hit
Upon a punishment, that's fit
For this offence:—what blocks!
Some talk of flogging, some of fine,
While some to pillory incline,
But none have named the stocks.

AN ANAGRAM.

In Protean forms I first imply
What all must do ere they can die;
Yet, metamorphosed, I shall be
What all, who are to die, should flee,
Or in my last disguise, behold
Their character concisely told.

ANACREON IMITATED.

Ode 1.

Of Wellington I fain would sing,
Of Nelson's more than mortal fire;
But silly Love has caught my string,
And check'd the ardour of my lyre.
Although my instrument of late
I trim'd anew, to sing the praise
Of Pitt's proud genius; yet my fate
Was cast, and Love renew'd his lays.
So, heroes all, a long adieu;
For, I protest, I cannot sing,
To please myself or flatter you;
For silly Love has seized my string.

TRANSLATIONS.

Adrian's "Dying man to his soul."‡

Ah! whither fond and flutt'ring thing,
Ah! whither bend thy falt'ring wing,
With mirth and pleasure flying;
A parting guest—no more to cheer
My drooping frame, but disappear,
All trembling, fainting, dying!

* Kutusoff, the Russian General.

† Or, an appropriate punishment discovered for a certain notorious stock-jobbing hoax.

‡ This is the foundation of Pope's beautiful lines—"Vital spark of heavenly flame," &c.

EPICRAM ON DIDO, BY AUSONIUS.*
 Ill-fated queen, though twice caress'd,
 To be in both your loves unblest'd!
 One husband dead, away you fly,
 The other fled, alas! you die.

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

(Concluded from page 487.)

Prevented by the disgraceful quackery of some branches of the profession, and by the equally degrading puffing of others, joined to the expense of getting into practice by such means, even if I could contrive to puff with more delicacy; I was on the point of giving up all ideas of London, and of resigning myself to the sameness of a country practitioner's life, when Dr. B. came down into our neighbourhood; to him I told my situation and various plans, in the same manner as I now tell them to you. He advised me to turn *aurist*, which he assured me was a department of the profession less occupied than any other. I therefore obtained all the works both ancient and modern upon this subject; but, alas! I found but little assistance from any of them; fanciful theories and erroneous conclusions, with plenty of anonymous cases, were their chief contents. I then sent up to my old master, Mr. Brookes, for a supply of *heads* occasionally, and setting to work at dissection, I think I have discovered many new lights in the science, and by the various agents I have employed to visit the *aurists* of the present day, and catch their opinions as they rise, I flatter myself I shall make a figure in the world: but I plainly see I must resort to a little quackery and puffing even in this; however, I'll endeavour to do it as *decently* as possible, and shall now proceed in confidence to give you a brief sketch of my plans of proceeding; but pray take great care of my letter, lest it should fall into the hands of persons who may adopt the same in their practice before I appear on the stage.

I had intended to develop to you the whole of my plans as *aurist*, but fearing my letter should miscarry, and I be deprived of the benefits of my discoveries, I shall touch but lightly

* Dido is reported to have taken to flight on the death of her first husband Sicheus, and to have killed herself upon the departure of Ones, her second. The following is the epigram of Ausonius:—

"Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
 Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris."

on the subject. In cases where the ears of the patient are devoid of the natural excretion of wax, I shall not proceed by the tedious and roundabout method of stimulating the glands gradually, but by means of a *small newly invented trowel*, I shall line the ears with an artificial composition I have invented, which your best *aurists* would believe to be natural. In cases of indurated cerumen I shall adopt the contrary process, and pare away what in the other case I had artificially to create. As I shall in both cases operate very gradually, I suppose *twenty to thirty* visits will be required; now here I think the public will have a great advantage, as I learn some of your *aurists* seldom get hold of a patient's ears without tickling forty, fifty, or sixty guineas out of them, and sometimes much more. You may think this will not *take*, I then beg to assure you that it has *taken*; and I see no reason why it should not do so again.

Some of your London *aurists* I understand are, or pretend to be, of opinion that the drum of the ear acquires a degree of opacity which it is necessary to remove: this has been *drummed* into the ears of patients too much for me to hope to eradicate all at once, and as it has been a prolific source of emolument, I suppose I must fall in with the stream. I shall, however, proceed upon a very scientific plan, for I propose to dilate the auditory passage with a similar instrument to that used by Sir Astley Cooper, for another and a very different operation; or without the aid of this instrument I can pour a little *pure* ether into the ear, and set it on fire, which will certainly destroy the whole of this *thickening*. I have not heard whether this latter plan was adopted in the case of the Duke of Wellington; he suffered, as the papers informed us, dreadful pain and fever: I never have had a patient *complain* who has *once* experienced this plan of mine; but possibly the ether used to the Duke was not *pure*!!

Blisters behind the ears, kept open from *six weeks to six months*, have afforded *great amusement* to patients, and as it is always dangerous to interfere with the amusements of the public, yet thinking blisters are getting old-fashioned, I shall offer a *quid pro quo*, which my patients will find *quite as much amusement* as if perpetual blisters had been applied, and I am certain far more benefit.

Noises in the head have generally been a species of *opprobria medicorum*,

after all other means have failed, such as cupping, leeching, bleeding, physicking, &c. &c. I think it will be well to try a sort of artificial O. P. row; for a friend of mine went to Covent Garden during that amusement, and the noise in his head, which had resisted every attempt before made to cure it, immediately ceased, and he has never been sensible of it since.—As the *Ophthalmic Hospital*, in the Regent's Park, is now I understand discovered to be an useless building, probably I may find friends sufficient to obtain leave for it to be appropriated to the purpose of another experiment; and if so, I purpose having it fitted up with machinery, to set in motion Chinese gongs, dustmen's bells, mail coach horns, watchmen's rattles, and other instruments of the kind, and the noise in the head or ears which is not cured by *twenty-four hours' confinement* amidst this din, I shall consider as incurable.

As to medicine, you and I must make a joint affair of it, in conjunction with a *chemist* and *dentist*. The one must charge enough to allow you and me something out of the medicines, &c. which we recommend, and should our patients lose a few teeth by following our prescriptions, the *dentist* must give us a per centage on the artificial ones with which he replaces the loss.—*Verb. sap. sat.*

I have various other bold and decisive methods of treatment, which I shall defer mentioning till we meet; and surely with these, a good house and elegant furniture, which I must have at all events, I shall get into good practice. You will say probably that my plans are *unique*, and that the world will not properly appreciate them; whilst there are a sufficient number of *simpletons* in existence to support one old woman, who calls herself an aurist, in selling about a *half-penny worth* of oil, coloured green with the elder leaves that grow round her hermitage, and a few grains of valerian powder, for *twenty-two shillings*; or another in a like sale, of a little balsam of Peru, mixed with gall and spirits of turpentine, for *half-a-guinea* a bottle, I think I need not fear for the success of my artificial wax. Neither am I at all doubtful as to my *etherial* application, whilst people will visit a *visionary*, or *half-crazy doctor*, to have the extract of cabbage-stump, or a little of the precious water from the pool of Bethesda, in the city of Jerusalem, put into their ears, the first of which, on being sub-

jected to analysis, proves to be a linctament composed of the nitrate of mercury, and the latter, although a pretended *far-fetched remedy*, is most likely the water of some convenient horse pond; for we read in scripture, that the water of this famous pool (long since dried up) was only efficacious when in a turbid state, and therefore it would not do to sell clear water as coming from the pool of Bethesda. My surgical operations must be approved of, for they are quite *mild* in comparison with those of some of your great *aurists*, one of whom touched the tonsils (which are, as you know, situate at the back of the mouth), with a caustic every day for *six months*, in order to cure a polypus in the *external ear*; and in another case, recommended a branch of the *external carotid artery*, which passes at the back of the ear, to be taken up, with a view to destroy a discharge from the *internal part* of the ear! The patient and his surgeon had too much good sense to allow the wild scheme to be carried into effect:—Another of your *learned aurists* proposed perforating through the upper jaw, in order to clear the eustachian tubes: how he would have got to the end of his journey, God only knows, he very wisely never set out; but he says, he has *torn away* part of the tonsils by a *new invented* pair of forceps!!

When I come to town I must fall in with the custom I suppose, and *publish* a book. As I shall not have time to do this myself, some compiler must be found, who can furnish up an old anatomical description of the ear, and with an account of my *new methods* of treatment, make up a *small octavo*. He must also write some *lectures* for me, but we must be sure to engage a man that can be depended on, one that will not *betray the secret*. Then with a view to *appear of consequence*, I should have *foreign correspondents*; but I shall *really obtain* them, as I shall visit Paris, Berlin, Vienna, &c. Here I shall have a decided advantage over some of my contemporaries, for as you know I am acquainted with the languages, and at any rate I shall not become a *laughing stock* to foreign servants and my English companions in the *Diligence*, as a certain *learned professor* of the healing art did a few months ago. As the expense of house, furniture, advertisements, &c. will be very considerable, I must get my relative, who seems to approve of the plan, to advance some cash, and use all his electioneering

interest to obtain for me an appointment to royalty; I shall then form a *dispensary* for the poor, and you must look out for me a good collector, well acquainted with all the *charitable* and *humane* in the metropolis: if he has a long *puritanical* face, so much the better. There are many of this sort, I learn, who gain a comfortable living by the poundage they receive. If the fellow is not dead, who for many years lived in a state of affluence in the Fleet-Prison, upon the donations his advertisements produced, and which generally began, "*Oh that the eye of pity may meet this,*" I think he would suit admirably; at any rate he must be a *sturdy beggar*, and quite up to "*every thing in the world.*" You shall be consulting physician; I hope, therefore, you are F. R. S. and F. M. S. as well as M. D. Then we must have a secretary, a *Mister* will do for that very well; our chemist shall be styled *Esquire*, as well as *myself*—he must be our treasurer, and I shall be the surgeon of the new institution. There must also be plenty of bankers, and though last, not least, we must have a long list of patrons, presidents, vice-presidents, and governors, the higher the rank the better; the Court Guide will here be of service to us, as we can select their names from that; if they grumble at the use of their name without permission, we must point out that it is a *pious fraud*, to serve the cause of heaven-born charity; that this virtue "*covereth a multitude of sins,*" so self-interest will whisper, that they will do well to sit quietly under its mantle. Talking of charity, I am reminded of a certain *worm doctor*, who blasphemes the name of the Deity, by joining it in his advertisement, "*inviting the naturalist to inspect the wonders of nature.*" This man subscribes to the deaf and dumb asylum, and his name is of course in the list of governors; he has, I understand, pretended that he is appointed to the medical care of the deaf and dumb children in that institution, and even shews his name in the list, in confirmation of the fact. The imposition is said to have succeeded with the ignorant, and, if true, is an ingenious but not an honourable way of turning a guinea given in charity to a good account.—After paying for *house-rent, advertisements, and some furniture*, we must have a good dinner or two, (i. e. the officers of the institution, and a few of their friends) which must be advertised as a meeting of the governors: I must be *complimented* with a *piece of*

plate, out of the surplus money, for my *wonderful services* rendered to the poor: we may safely state the numbers of those *cured*, as being nearly, or quite equal to the number received; no one will know the *real truth*, or think it worth his while to inquire; and being inserted in the public papers, it will serve as a good *decoy*, both to bring me *patients* and keep up the *funds* of the charity. We should also get the use of a church now and then, and a bishop to preach a charity sermon: no! a *bishop* will not do now, I think that an A. M. will suit better, but we must be particular as to his character, for as there are many of the *cloth* in *banco regis*, we might happen to get one *just discharged*, with *no great credit*, under the *Insolvent Act*. I am of opinion we should not have the bills of the sermon placed in chandler's shops, or stuck about the streets, cheek by jowl with those of Dr. Eady, and others of that class, as I have seen *some instances* of; we can arrange all this on my arrival, and I think by the help of *God and man*, the *church and king*, the devil is in it if I do not succeed, even although I should be *fully entitled* in the opinion of *all who know me*, to add to my name, A. S. S.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years: on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, inasmuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother, upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which

the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articled to an attorney, is told to pull Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-hart-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great bustle in our establishment as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is very little variety in the infliction. The narrative of what passes at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say, whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Phlegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington: upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross: upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home on that day? My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run up stairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo har-binger of Spring." This was unlucky: the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house: and any thing more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her Hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea began to growl "Oh, ruddier

than the berry." As for little Charles, he was left to find out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity. A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate: a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father: he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instantly* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father; remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say, "let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us: Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people;" my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation; the door opened, and the servant delivered—a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Psha!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had just before been rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny postman, was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honour to receive his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without

spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morgan's *Vade Mecum*," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle: "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" "At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven only knew. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring: it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced, the Great Man took his seat at the right hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but, when the Great Man of the Family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit, the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there: no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: no: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonful of gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and, Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands to which I entertain an aversion—parsnips and tripe.

The former always gave me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter, of boiled leather breeches. My politic mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any body seen Simpson and Co.?" inquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Batson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson and Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson and Co. at Drury-Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord, help me! it was but a week ago that my father, Jack, and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First, the Great Man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed the pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he were harpooning a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiation. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar,

and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of their memories. Bedford-square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of City streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime-street is the second or third turning: affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate-street; and tells me that, when he goes to receive his dividends at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the City, with a black pocket-book full of bills as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

I yesterday overheard my maiden Aunt Susan giving a hint to some body, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and think for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner after the *dénouement*, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson and Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

ROBERT RANKIN.

NIGHT.

When I look forth into the face of night,
And see those silent orbs that gem the sky—
The moon that holds her glorious path on high—
The countless host of stars of lesser light,
All moving on their destined course aright,
Through the broad ocean of infinity,
Steer'd by the hand of Him whose glories lie
Beyond the stretch of mortal sense or sight—
When I behold all Heaven divinely bright
With this array, and downward turn mine eyes,—

My soul expands into its native might,
And loathes the burden of that coil that lies
Like lead upon the soul, and clogs its flight
Unto its purer seat and kindred skies. M.

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THE RETURN.

At the close of a fine summer's day Mrs. Willman, her son and daughter, the only members of her family, were seated at the door of their humble dwelling, a lonely cottage on the banks of the Hudson, in the United States. Mrs. Willman and Anna had thrown aside their sewing, at which they were generally employed, and Albert was reciting the following little poem, the unstudied effusion of an unlettered youth:

THE SETTING SUN.

The golden sun now in the West,
Smiling reluctant sinks to rest;
A transient glance a ling'ring beam,
Now only plays upon the stream.
He fades—but still a ling'ring ray,
Does o'er the waters gently play;
A dusky cloud his beauties shade,
He sinks—now ev'ry ray is fled.

When Albert ceased, he looked, blushing, around him for applause. But, instead of smiling her approbation as she was wont to do, his mother sighed audibly. "It is two years this very day, said she, that your father went away!" Melancholy overspread the face of Albert; and a tear trembled in the eye of the gentle Anna. "I fear he will never return!" continued their mother, "but the will of the Lord be done;" and she dropped the painful subject.

"O mother!" said Anna, "what a storm is rising in the west! Mercy! let us get into the house and shut the door before it comes up." "O don't be scard Anna," said Albert, laughing at the fears of his sister.

At this moment, a person on the other side of the river, shouted "Over, Over, Over." This was the well known cry for the boat. Albert's lay just below the house; his oars stood near him; and scarce had the last "Over" died, when he was ready to launch his skiff on the dark blue and slightly agitated waters of the Hudson. Mrs. Willman went into the cottage, but

Anna stood on the bank watching her brother's skiff as it cut lightly through the water. He reached the opposite shore; he stood a while with the stranger; and she then saw that stranger enter the boat, and her brother mount a horse that till that moment she had not noticed.

The storm that Anna had noticed at a distance, came on apace. The light breeze that had so gently played o'er the waters below, had increased to a brisk gale—yet she who was so alarmed at the first appearance of the storm, still fearlessly stood on the bank waiting the return of her brother.

It was now quite dark, but there was still light enough remaining for her to see, when they were about in the middle of the river, that the horse was without its rider. The maiden shrieked—but the voice of her brother soon assured her of his safety, and in a few minutes he was at her side. The stranger who was with him, explained the incident in the water by saying, that, owing to his inexperience as an oarsman he had struck one of the oars too deep, and being assisted by a brisk gale of wind upset the boat, but by the timely assistance of the youth had been brought with the boat safe to the shore.

Anna led the way to the cottage, and Mrs. Willman rose to welcome the stranger. He forgot his predetermined forbearance, and exclaiming "My dear Catharine!" caught her in his arms. It was her husband—and the father of her children. * * * * *

Miscellanies.

MR. MOORE'S NEW POEMS.

As we wish not to occupy our columns with politics, we shall not quote any of Mr. Moore's "Fables of the Alliance," but rather select a few gems of equal if not of superior merit, which are inserted in the same volume.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

The English to be met with every where.—Alps and Threadneedle-street.—The Simpton and the Stocks.—Rage for travelling, &c.

And is there then no earthly place.

Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,

Without some curst, round English face,

Popping up near, to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,

Unholy eits we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Appennines

Are sacred from Threadneedle-street!

If up the Simpton's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change my dear—

"The Funds—(pshaw, curse this ugly hill)—

"Are low'ring fast—(what, higher still?)—

"And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—

"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.

The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference
which—

Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!

And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockney's of all sects and castes,

Old maidens, aldermen and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,

To gape at things in foreign lands,
No soul among them understands—

If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees—

If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids

Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids—*

Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot, that's free from London-kind!

Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some *Blue* "at home"

Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see

Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
And toast upon the wall of China!

* It was pink *spencers*, I believe,
that the imagination of the French
traveller conjured up.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyestill day was breaking;

And whimsical enough, heav'n knows,
The things he rav'd about, while

waking
To let him pine so were a sin—

One, to whom all the world's a
debtor—

So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather

better.

Next day the case gave further hope
yet,

Though still some ugly fever la-
tent;—

"Dose, as before"—a gentle oplate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,

So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue to downright
snoring.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written in a Pocket Book, 1822.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and
high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and
warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering
friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to
thee!

VESSEL DASHED TO PIECES BY A WHALE.

(From the Annual Register of 1821.)

On the 19th of Nov. 1821, the Essex, a Russian vessel, of 250 tons which was employed in the whale fishery was in lat. 47 deg. S. and long. 118 deg. W. from Greenwich, and consequently about 500 geographical miles to the west of the Patagonian coast, when it was surrounded by whales; and one of them of the largest size gave it so violent a blow with his tail, that the keel of the vessel was partly laid bare. The monster stopped some time near the ship, endeavouring to strike it again with his tail: not being able to succeed, he swam before the vessel to the distance of about half a verst, (one-third of an English mile) then at once he swam back, and struck the prow with such violence, that notwithstanding the rapidity of her course, under full sail, the vessel receded, and this retrograde movement was almost as rapid as her advance forwards. The damage which was occasioned by this gigantic shock is not to be described. The waves broke into the ship through the cabin windows, all the persons who happened to be on deck, were thrown down, the vessel filled with water, was laid on the side, and did not right herself till the masts were cut away.

It was immediately evident that there were no hopes of saving her. The crew, thinking only of their own safety, got into the two boats, in which they embarked some provisions which they had with great difficulty taken out of the sinking vessel. A month after, that is on the 20th of December, these unfortunate people arrived at the Isle of Ducie, where they stopped eight days: but not finding any provisions there, they endeavoured to reach the continent of South America, leaving, however, three of their companions on the island. A short time after this the two boats separated; and one of them, which had only three men in her, met, sixty days after their shipwreck, an American vessel, which took them on board. It was not till ninety six days after their departure from the island of Ducie, that the other boat had the good fortune to meet with a vessel: but there were only two persons on board, the Captain and the cabin boy. Famine had reduced them to the horrible necessity of eating each other! Eight times they drew lots, and eight victims were sacrificed to the hunger of their surviving companions. The lot had been already drawn which condemned the boy to the same fate, when he and the Captain discovered the vessel which saved them. An English vessel, on her way to Port Jackson, in New Holland, touched at the Island of Ducie. A gun having been fired, the crew soon afterwards saw the three men who had been left there come out of a wood. A boat was sent to bring them on board the ship.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUN-RISE AT MOUNT ETNA.

But here, says Brydone, description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a

noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the East to illuminate the wondrous scene. The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and shewed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to shew their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight; catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun appears in the East, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to such objects, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of them. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lepari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity, and I am perfectly convinced that it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon.

BEATING THE BOUNDARIES.

Thursday the 8th inst. was Ascension-day—a festival well known to every school-boy in the metropolis, since it is devoted to a parochial perambulation of each parish, generally called beating the boundaries. The custom is of considerable antiquity. Spelman thinks it was derived from the heathens, and that it is an imitation of

the feast called Terminalia, which was observed in the month of February in honour of the god Terminus, who was supposed to preside over bounds and limits, and to punish all unlawful usurpations of land. On this festival the people of the country assembled with their families, and crowned with garlands and flowers the stones which separated their different possessions, and sprinkled them in a solemn manner with the blood of a victim, generally a lamb or a young pig, which was offered to the God who presided over the boundaries. Libations of milk and wine were made.

In making the parochial perambulations formerly in this country on Ascension-day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens and parishioners, used to deprecate the vengeance of God, by a blessing on the fruits of the earth, and implore him to preserve the rights of the parish. This custom is thus noticed by Withers in his "Emblems:"

"That ev'ry man might keep his own possessions,

Our fathers used in reverent processions,
(With zealous prayers and with praise-full cheers)

To walk their parish limits once a-year;
And well-known marks (which sacrilegious hands

Now cut or break) so bord'ed out their lands,

That ev'ry one distinctly knew his own;
And many brawls, now rife, were then unknown."

In Lyson's *Environs of London*, in the Churchwarden's books of children, there is the following singular entry, 1670, spent at the perambulation

dinner	-	-	£3 10 0
Given to the boys that were			
whipt	-	-	0 4 0
Paid for poynts for the boys	-	-	0 2 0

The custom of beating the boundaries on Ascension day, prevails in several large towns in England as well as in London.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

A few nights since a gentleman fell down by accident in the gallery of the House of Commons, which caused a laugh, when a gentleman observed to his friend near him, "He is the Member for *Downshire*."

The tailor who accused Mr. Poole, the coal merchant, at Guildhall, with sending coals without a venders' ticket, could not say he had not had Poole measure.

In the Committee of the House of Commons on the London Bridge, are, Alderman Wood, Esq.; Davies Giddy, Esq.; Christopher Smith, Esq.; — Lambton, Esq.; Home Sumner, Esq., &c.; upon which a gentleman observed, He hoped it would not be a wooden bridge, for it would make him Giddy to go over it, for one Smith could never make it firm, and if they had a two-penny clause putting a tax upon every ton going under it, it would not be like a Lamb-ton act or deed—and would come Home to almost every man.

NEWSPAPERS.

Messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and to joy of some;
What is it but a map of life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

By adding an *i* after the letter *e* in Jackanapes, we have a complete sentence, expressive of the meaning of the term, viz. Jack-an-ape-is, which we believe to be the actual derivation of that word.

EPIGRAM

On a lady wearing the miniature of an unworthy person suspended round her neck.

"What hang from the neck of a lady!"
cries Bill,
"Were ever such folly and impudence known?"
As to hanging indeed he may hang
where he will,
But as to the neck let it be by his own."

EPITAPH.

ON A RICH MISER.

Here lies one who for medicines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost.
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but know how much his funeral cost.

EPIGRAM.

A bailiff once, a sentimental man,
To seize a cobbler went, and thus began,
"Depart, I must have all;"
"If that's the case, thou stupid fool,"
The cobbler said, and handing him a tool,
"Depart, thou hast my awl."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On Wednesday next, the 21st of May, will be published No. 30 of the Mirror, containing an elegantly engraved Title, Vignette, and copious Index to the first volume.

And on Saturday, the 24th inst., will be published No. 31 of the Mirror, being the first number of the Second Volume, and consequently affording a favourable opportunity for new subscribers, on a large accession of which we calculate.

The favours of H. W. W. P., G. S. A. R., A. E. I., G., Alatus, G., A. J. P., and A. W., are intended for early insertion.

T. R. Y.'s Sonnet on parting is not good enough for the Mirror; he may however T R Y us again and perhaps be more successful.

We will search among our papers for the communications of Alegoricus, X. Y. Z., and several other Correspondents, and give them the decisive answers they request.

The favours of Junius, H. X., W., W., E., G., M., S., Ghnitraf, S., L. D. G., and of numerous constant readers, have been received.

We shall be happy to hear from Alfred.

Birthday Odes, Lines of Love-sick Poets to Young Ladies, Stanzas on infant beauty, Elegies to departed worth, and "all that sort of thing," seldom possess any interest but to the parties concerned.

We feel much pleasure in encouraging youthful literary efforts, but our duty to the great body of our readers renders it imperative upon us to be careful if not rigid censors. We are sensible of the difficulty of pleasing every reader; but we endeavour to do it, although we have somewhere met with four lines which give little hopes of obtaining a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." We shall however quote them:—

"Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to day,
But God knows when 'twill end."

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